

# CATHOLIC INTERRACIALIST

Formerly HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

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## ON CAPITALISM AND COMMUNISM

Both old guard capitalists and communists would resent the statement that they are brothers under the skin. Neither can deny, however, that both spring from a common materialism. Too often is this basic fact ignored in the welter of charges and counter charges hurled by the opposing camps.

In examining the merits of any way of life common sense first demands to know what lies at the end of the road, what is the promised land, the golden city of the pilgrimage. Fundamentally, the golden city of both capitalism and communism is just that and nothing more. Each holds out the promised reward of earthly wealth and beyond such wealth the void of annihilation. This is the basic agreement—that man is born for his own glorification, that such glorification is to be attained by his physical command of material wealth.

Both systems (they cannot be dignified by the term "philosophies," for neither truly loves wisdom) thereafter march away back to back eventually to meet face to face in the No Man's land of common destruction. Having set out from the exile of confusion in confusion for the mirageland of physical well being, they subject themselves en route to punishments of both mind and body more severe than those of the classical ascetic. Were truly Christian people to exert one-half the effort expended by the materialists and use such force in cooperating with grace the world would be overrun by saints. Subsequent consequences for both capitalism and communism may be regarded with a wistful eye.

Seeking, then, the native country of the human heart in a never never land where God is not, both capitalism and communism condemn themselves to hell on earth, for where God is not there is hell. Both systems deny God as effectively as such negative action is possible for man.

Do I hear an immediate outraged outcry to the effect that capitalism does not deny God? Let the reader ask himself: Which is less worse? To impugn the known fact of God's existence? Or to admit His existence as a probable possibility (or even as a fact) and then sweep aside the enormous human responsibilities flowing from His omnipresence?

Communism denies; capitalism ignores. God is.

It must be remembered, as W. D. Hennessy pointed out in a letter to the Commonwealth in May, 1938, that capitalism evolved haphazardly without a uniform body of principles to guide it. Moulded in an environment of economic expediency, its one object is the creation of wealth, the making of money.

Communism, on the other hand, grew up fully indoctrinated in a college staffed by one-eyed professors who had accustomed themselves to seeing one half of reality—the material half. (The well recognized pseudo-spiritual aspects of communism require considerations beyond the limits of these notes.) The communists themselves have underlined their own insistence on the material well being (sic) of the "worker."

Capitalism forged ahead on

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## VOICES IN THE WILDERNESS

By Sheila MacGill

"I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, make straight the way of the Lord."

In the time of John the Baptist, the wilderness was a literal as well as a figurative one. Today the wilderness lies in the hearts of men who have heard the truth and have denied both it and the Author of it. There are many ways in which the path of the Lord must be straightened today.

*On account of the very great love with which He loved us, God sent His Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, alleluja, Magnificat, Circumcision*

### The Social Mind

"It takes mature Christians to erect a democratic government and keep it going." In thus quoting Pope Pius XII, Monsignor Hillenbrand rounded out a thesis which he made in a recent talk, given at Friendship House's Anniversary-celebration. "We need a new mind," the Monsignor stated, "to meet the modern world. One of the significant contributions which the lay apostolates have made is to create in people's minds the thing called a social mind."

The apostolates have stood for charity, for indoctrination, for a "going to the people," but an important angle of their effect which is little emphasized is their development of a social consciousness. In their espousal of the state of being poor, they should not be thought of as martyrs. They should be seen as confessors or witnesses of the truth, attempting to live the true Christian life. Being witnesses, they are helping to build the new mind which is the mind of Christ. For example, the pastor of Sacred Heart, Hubbard Woods, conceded, this effect of Friendship House can be seen on the North Shore.

The lack of a social mind is a great stumbling block. At every level the absence of it was obvious after World War I. There was no cooperation with the League of Nations, for there was no mentality to cooperate. A nationalism, the product of individualistic minds, reigned. Today, Father Hillenbrand went on to point out, we haven't a social mind in labor. The Taft-Hartley Law is one evidence of this. We haven't a social mind in the way we treat minorities. Consider the fact that we still have racially biased Catholics—in other words, "twisted souls in people so warped that

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Here at Friendship House we are trying to restore Christ's Kingdom to Him by the fostering on interracial justice, because if the seeds of disunity are flourishing even in the heart of the Mystical Body, there can be no widespread peace, union or sanctity among nations.

This is a rather long winded way of getting to the point of the function of the volunteer in Friendship House, but it is always necessary to restate a principle before it can be expounded. First, what is a volunteer? He is a person who for any number of reasons cannot spend his full time promoting the work of interracial justice, but who devotes as much time as possible to furthering the cause of brotherhood among men.

A volunteer comes to Friendship House eager to give, but he finds that he ends up on the receiving end—he may give of his time and energy—but he reaps a thousand-fold in the fruits of charity, peace and personal sanctification. The aim of the program is two-fold: First, to increase the spiritual life of the individual, and secondly, to equip him to go back to the everyday world where the staff workers cannot penetrate to spread the ideals and to practically apply the fruits of Christian charity.

Let us take the first aim, personal sanctification. In order to carry on with the work and to produce any lasting fruits, one must be more than outwardly convinced of what he is doing. If we undertake to carry the cross to Calvary with Christ, we cannot lag along the way. We may stumble, in fact we are sure to do so, but by that very stumbling we can come to realize how completely we depend upon God for the strength to walk by His side. What means are used to foster this interior

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## THE BLACK METROPOLIS

Just as New York City attracts many thousands of people of every conceivable national origin and religious persuasion, so Harlem, the Capital of Black America, draws the colored peoples of America and the rest of the world. Within its two square miles, nearly a million people struggle for life and happiness. A community of strange extremes, its people, whether in the pent-houses of Sugar Hill or the evil-smelling tenements of Lenox Avenue, are united only by the artificial bond of color and the common suffering which the tyranny of white faces inflicts upon them. As all oppressed peoples, they are welded together by their common aspirations.

Harlem, at the beginning of this century, was a cheerful neighborhood of brownstone dwellings and spacious avenues. To the 60,000 Negroes in New York City at that time, it was a vague place in upper Manhattan with a strange Dutch name.

Prior to 1900 they had lived crowded together in the section around Penn Station, in mid-town Manhattan and in the less crowded area of Brooklyn. Population shifts among the Negro group have usually been preceded by racial strife. For example, during the Civil War when white men vented their anger against the draft by hanging Negroes from lamp posts on the lower East side, a mass exodus of Negroes to the comparative safety of Brooklyn occurred. Similarly, the great race riot of 1900 drove them to upper Manhattan and the conservative district of Harlem. Its phenomenal growth can be attributed to many things. The great exodus from the feudalism of the South is perhaps the most important factor. World War I set the tide, for labor in the United States opened its arms to the black men of the world. They flooded New York in a turbulent, steady stream from the East and West Indies, Puerto Rico, small islands in the Caribbean and even from the far reaches of Africa, until today, one third of the population of Harlem is made up of foreign born colored people. Two thirds of the population is composed of persons of mixed ancestry. It is interesting to discover that a large portion of this group is more native born than any other group in America, including the Daughters of the American Revolution who, from the standpoint of ancestry, have been persecuting their betters for years.

The overwhelming majority of Negroes live a life of want and oppression. A huge number of them are found on the Public Welfare Rolls. For the average Negro, an unheated, greasy, run-down railroad flat is the best that he can expect. Rats infest the tenement buildings and many a tiny child curls up between dirty sheets to be kept awake all night by the turmoil of the rats scrambling about inside the walls. Roaches swarm throughout the buildings for the dirty, ripped walls are excellent breeding places for them. The filthy, littered streets are crowded with loiterers, the unemployables because of color. Everywhere is destitution, disease and death. The rate of tuberculosis is four times higher than that

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84 WEST 135TH STREET

Tel. AUdubon 2-4892

MARGARET BEVINS..... Editor  
 MABEL C. KNIGHT..... Assistant Editor  
 ANN FOLEY..... Circulation Manager  
 REV. EDWARD DUGAN..... Official New York Moderator  
 CARL MERSCHL..... Staff Artist

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## RACISM, 1949, A.D.

If Christmas means any more than buying a dollar present to get a dollar present back, it is because Christmas not only voices the ages-old longing for brotherhood. Christmas is the fact, because Christ made the FACT. That is probably the reason why historians date the birth of Christ as the prime FACT of history, and call everything else before Christ, B.C. Indeed, whatever meaning and vitality there is in the idea—"all men are free and equal"—from whatever banner the cry has flown, stems from the same fact, that we are now living A.D.—in the year of Our Lord.

The year 1949 A.D. which God has given to us to grow in Him and for others, might well begin with a resolution—to comprehend more fully the scope of the great doctrine for our times, the Mystical Body of Christ. Understanding it, not in the sense of a mere cold, collection of human beings as cogs, all the same, but in the sense of the brotherhood of that most sacred of earthly unions, the family. The great human family of saints made and in the making, united in the great love of God.

Part of this resolution will be to comprehend how radically evil are the effects of race hatred, how much each one of us is responsible to work to change conditions as they are, and once and for all, to lift the low level of thinking that usually accompanies the subject—"how I feel about the Negro." How I feel about the Constitution of the United States doesn't change it. Even more so, how I feel about moral issues does not change them, either. And if the race question is certainly concerned with the Constitution, it is more certainly concerned with basic moral law. Racism is, in point of fact, one of the basic moral issues of these times, according to Pope Pius XII, who used very strong language in naming racism for what it is, "heresy."

## Racism Worse Than Murder?

We have had 300 years—since 1619 when the first boatload of Negroes torn from their native soil were landed in America—to find out how evil the effects can be, when the basis of dealing with people is "how I feel." And these bad effects are far wider and more insidious than we imagine. They don't stop with creating a hell for the Negro. They have created a hell for all of us, individually and collectively.

If we are serious about our desire to reconstruct the social order, and God knows it needs reconstructing, we will see race prejudice for what it really is—not just as regards the Negro, but as regards the wanton destruction of our precious unity which was bought so dearly for us by Christ. Rev. Claude Heithaus, S.J., has put it succinctly in these words, taken from a magnificent satire called "Why Not Christian Cannibalism?":

"Race prejudice and discrimination are denials in action of a two-fold unity established by God. They attack the unity of the great human family under the Fatherhood of God, they attack the unity of Christendom in the Mystical Body of Christ.

"Because they do this systematically, relentlessly, and on a grand scale, they are far more grievous disturbances of the order established by God than such crimes as murder and adultery which are momentary and particular attacks by individuals upon individuals... They are worse even than unjust warfare, because they do more harm to more people, and are carried on more systematically, more thoroughly, and more uninterruptedly.

"St. Paul saw very clearly that race discrimination is a sort of civil war within Christ's Mystical

Body, a deep permanent, massive cleavage by which large sections of the Body draw apart and subject the rest to injustices and indignities which do great spiritual harm, and in turn react unfavorably on the spiritual health of the whole Mystical Body."

Though in the present state of racist thinking in this country too much concentration on how the Negro suffers from discrimination can hardly be given, we will pass this over, since it has always been one of the main aims of this newspaper, and of Friendship House itself.

## Effect on Whites

Let us look, for a change, at the bad effects produced on the discriminators. The price is high, as it always must be when prejudice is practiced against any group in the human family, because nature inevitably takes its own revenge, even though it may take some time to evidence itself. The first most obvious thing is the high cost of maintaining the double standard. In the South, for example, schools, hospitals, lavatories, railroad trains, churches, etc., are usually separate for white and colored. The ghetto system that is found throughout the whole country, however, produces the same effect: more disease, more frustration and insanity, more unemployment, more crime and juvenile delinquency, deep lesions in family life and in the social structure as a whole. Is the ghetto such a hermetically sealed vacuum that these poisons do not penetrate to the rest of the country?

In terms of cold hard cash we pay an ever increasing burden. For larger and larger tax bills must be paid for the higher and higher demands for public relief, fire, police, health and other social services that slums always entail. But worse yet, is the mental effect. We seem to be laboring under a mass delusion, in our notion that whiteness of skin is of itself, automatically, the hall-mark of all that is not only excellent, but superior. Like all error, it spawns other errors that unfortunately affect other areas of thinking and acting—hypocrisy, compromise, rationalization, dishonesty, etc.

The warping and sometimes blinding effects of prejudice on our reason and judgment are too little known or thought about. A classic example is the way we used force in the first instance to enslave the Negro, and then, in order to keep up the barriers we had raised, we had to resort to more force. The next step was to find reasons to justify the mess we created, hence more twisting of the mind to escape our sense of guilt. Think, for example, of a civilized country like the United States, in this year of Our Lord, still tolerating the barbaric practice of lynching, and worse—defending it in the halls of Congress!

It is one thing to have a cancer, and another, to know it. The cancer of race hatred is undermining our American way of life which, ironically enough, those who are most prejudiced are loudest to proclaim. Because what one part of our country suffers we all suffer. What affects the Negro affects the white man. Not only because the blade of "envy and hatred with which we try to pierce our neighbor with a sword cannot reach him unless it first passes through our own body" (Merton), but also because our racial prejudices are so many body blows aimed at our own integrity, as well as the solidarity of the whole of mankind.

## CHILDREN PROTEST

The Spanish section in Lower Harlem is perhaps the most economically depressed area in New York City. Thousands of immigrants have swarmed into its cramped quarters from Cuba, Panama, Puerto Rico and other sections of the Spanish speaking world. Fabulous tales of American labor markets have drawn these people from the squalor of their native lands to the filthy tenements and garbage littered streets of this strange land of plenty.

Several weeks ago, the deep unrest of the community

seethed to the surface in an unusual and frightening manner. Two hundred thin ragged children grouped in front of the East Harlem Health Center to stage a parade in protest of the high milk prices. First and second graders predominated. Armed with placards, larger than themselves, they marched with a minimum of disorder down 2nd Avenue, chanting "We need milk."

The spectacle of these children with their gaunt, old faces so tragically burdened with the disorder of a society not of their making is an indictment of all of us.

## BITS OF COLOR

By Anne Foley

The National Theatre, in Washington, D.C., opened its doors for white people only, and Equity refused to play there unless this policy was changed. The result—the capital's only legitimate theatre converted to motion pictures. Equity's comment—they believe that in the conversion of the National Theatre to motion pictures and the loss of the only legitimate theatre in the city, the theatre patrons of Washington were not considered and that if they had been given the opportunity they would have welcomed the elimination of the discrimination in order to keep the legitimate theatre. Our opinion—Equity has the right principles and the strong backbone to carry them out. If Washington does not have democracy, to whom shall we go?

Fraternities have drawn the prejudice lines more sharply with the National Inter-Fraternity Conference upholding racial and religious discrimination. The vote to keep fraternal clauses discriminating against Negroes and other non-Caucasians was 25-13; with 18 abstaining.

"So it goes" said discouraged delegate Jules Dolgin, of Washington University, St. Louis.

"And one day we'll wake up and find there are no fraternities because the fraternities just die of stupidity." AND he may be right—the Amherst College chapter of Phi Kappa Psi was suspended for admitting a Negro to membership. Pledging the young man, they reorganized as the Phi Psi fraternity.

Giving honor where honor is due—Miss Frances Douglas has been named by Mayor O'Dwyer to the Board of Higher Education which supervised the municipal colleges of New York City. She is ably fitted for the position as a member of the faculty of St. Joseph's College for Women in Brooklyn and having almost completed work toward the doctor's degree in psychology at Fordham University.

Thought for the month—The results of the recent presidential campaign prove that the cause of interracial justice, instead of being a divisive element in the community, is an element of union according to Father John LaFarge S.J., editor of America.

Whereas North or South, East or West, no one can point at the mote in his brother's eye, the South nevertheless has some special problems. A Georgia NAACP branch president was brutally assaulted for carrying Negroes to the polls in his automobile on the day of the Georgia Democratic primary election; a 28-year old Negro was slain for voting in the same primary election, and a prosperous Negro salesman was recently lynched, allegedly because of political activity. The South also has some special solutions—a Southern Regional Council with representatives from 13 southern states has for its announced aim "equal opportunity for all the South's people."





## Platform of the Catholic Interracialist

**WE BELIEVE** in the sublime doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ—for He is the Mystical Vine and we are the branches. He is the Head and we the members.

**WE BELIEVE** that the fruit of the Incarnation and the Redemption is the Brotherhood of Man under the Fatherhood of God.

**WE BELIEVE** that we are our brother's keeper and have a personal responsibility, therefore, before God, for the welfare of that brother in Christ and this embraces all men, irrespective of Race, Nationality or Color . . . for Christ died for ALL mankind.

**WE BELIEVE** that a lasting social order and peace will be achieved only by a Christian Social Order based on Christian Social Justice which includes Interracial Justice.

Editor, January, 1949.

## THE SCORE BOARD

A lad from Kansas by the name of Denny Holland arrived at Friendship House early one August morning to learn all about the lay apostolate. At 10 p.m. that same evening, he conceded, he hadn't learned much about the lay apostolate, but he had become well-acquainted with a paint brush. Friendship House had just moved to a barn-like factory building on Indiana Avenue. Denny stayed four weeks and a good share of his Catholic action was muscular. Somewhere, however, he did capture the full spirit, for it is the inspiration and the fire of a lad in love with God and society which started the DePorres Club. Its secretary, Ramona Horn, reports its activities for the past year. To those of you working with college interracial clubs, we suggest contacting the DePorres Club for a sharing of ideas. They may be reached through the DePorres Club, c/o Ramona Horn.

The Omaha DePorres Club began on November 3, 1947, when a small group of people interested in promoting interracial justice, met at Creighton University with Rev. John P. Markoe, who has been active in the field for over 25 years.

The primary aim of the club is to bring about better racial relations by constructive action—to banish every form of compulsory segregation and abolish any and all forms of discrimination against individuals because of race, color or creed.

The basic organizational structure was set up November 10, 1947, with Denny Holland and Peggy Wall named president and secretary, respectively. Blessed Martin DePorres was chosen as patron of the club. He was a Negro religious who, because of his work in Peru during the 16th century, was declared Blessed by the Catholic Church and was chosen as the universal patron of social justice. The early activities of the club were concerned mainly with a study of the racial problem in general, its basic causes and ultimate solution, with special emphasis on the problems of the Negro in Omaha.

One of the projects of the

club is to investigate cases of discrimination in Omaha schools. The club was instrumental in the decision of the faculty of one Omaha school, previously closed to colored children, to accept two Negro students in September of this year.

The Industrial Relations committee is one of the most important committees of the club. This group approaches business men in order to learn their policy about the employment of Negroes, and to encourage the employment of qualified Negroes. Several Omaha firms have been contacted, including the Omaha and Council Bluffs Street Railway Company, Northwestern Bell Telephone Company, and the Omaha World-Herald. Although no remarkable changes of policy have resulted from these contacts, at least a step has been taken in the direction of justice. Several members of the club have filed law suits against restaurant-owners for denial of service.

Eleven months after the beginning of the organization, a center was opened at 1914 North 25th Street. The center has a library for the use of the community, recreation for children, clothing for the poor, and it provides a meeting place for various committees of the club, and as a place of contact in the Negro community. Lectures or forums are held at the center on Saturday nights. The open hours of the center are: Tuesday through Friday, 7 p.m. 'till 9:30 p.m.; Saturday, 9 a.m. 'till 9:30 p.m., and Sunday, 2 p.m. 'till 9:30 p.m.

Since the cruel injustices of Jim Crow are perpetuated through ignorance, several members of the club have formed a speakers' bureau, which will prepare talks on various aspects of the race question, and make them available to schools and other groups.

Inter-denominational as well as interracial, the DePorres Club is open to anyone who shows sufficient interest. Meetings are held every Monday at 7:30 p.m., in Room A330, Creighton University. All are invited to attend.

## AS THE JIM CROW FLIES

Christ is unwelcome in 22 Catholic Colleges. Christ in the Negro is still being excluded by 22 Catholic Colleges and Universities in the United States. These are the findings of Rev. Richard J. Roche, O.M.I., published in his study, "Catholic Colleges and the Negro Student," brought out by the Catholic University Press. Father Roche found that 111 Catholic institutions of higher learning do admit Negroes and that one of these is a Southern school.

How long will a Negro fight for freedom abroad and put up without freedom at home? How long will a Mexican be a good soldier for Uncle Sam and still be subjected to starvation wages, bad housing and tuberculosis? How can the United States "assume the moral leadership of the world when race riots and murder, political crimes and economic injustices disgrace the very name of America?"

With these leading questions, Archbishop Robert E. Lucy of San Antonio addressed 16 Archbishops of the Southwest and several hundred priests and laymen in El Paso recently. Speaking of the "undeserved poverty" that the Mexican people and other minority groups are afflicted with and the myths and "popular nonsense" that have arisen about these people, the Archbishop said: "And right here a thought occurs to me which I believe has validity. How hard would an Irishman work if you paid him 40 cents an hour? How much exuberance, vitality and enthusiasm could any people show who had been underpaid, undernourished and badly housed for half a century?"

## The South Is Changing

"It has been clear for some time that the South is undergoing a transition. The change is in the direction of increased urbanization, more industry, mechanized agriculture and a broader democracy."

Thus spoke Paul D. Williams, a founder of the Catholic Committee of the South. Mr. Williams addressed the Southern Regional Council, of which he is President, at that organization's annual meeting in Atlanta, Ga. The meeting was attended by both Negro and white leaders of the South.

Mr. Williams declared: "Those who expected this transition to come smoothly and painlessly have deluded themselves with a false hope . . . The old political and economic order is deeply rooted and offers powerful resistance to change."

"One of the hopeful developments of the past year is that both the South and the nation have received a vast amount of education about civil rights," the council president said.

"Millions of people in the South who had given the matter little thought were told that improvement is demanded soon. True, the reaction has been largely negative and defensive, but the very violence of the reaction suggests an awakening of conscience."

## Our Bookshelf

**INTRUDER IN THE DUST**, by William Faulkner. Random House. \$3.00. For those whose minds are open enough to profit by it, *Intruder In The Dust* is an important book. It tells the story of Lucas Beauchamp, an arrogant stubborn unfriendly old Negro bearing aristocratic white blood in his veins, at once ridiculous and superb, and of the incredible thing done by a young white boy, a young Negro boy and an elderly gentlewoman to save him from lynching, not because he is a Negro but because he is a human being.

Mr. Faulkner's style is not easy, being compounded of an incredible length of sentence, involvement of syntax, and penury of punctuation. Yet his characters, his story and his message come across with a tremendous impact. And what reader can say, in his deep participation which the book commands, that this is in spite of the style, rather than because of it? But let no one call it "poetic." It is prose, good round prose, written as few are able to write it, with all the ifs and buts and repetitions of the natural lan-

guage: and when the reader comes upon the inevitable, the unescapable word, and recognizes with surprise and delight its absolute rightness, its climax and release, he realizes with what art the preceding words, sentences, pages even, have been built.

In addition to its importance as literature, the book is an important social document. Minds less realistic than Mr. Faulkner's may find it difficult to string along here, for he presents the South and its race problem exactly as it is, without sentimentality, without wishful thinking. He says in effect: This is what the South is like—take it or leave it, like it or loathe it, this is what it is like.

Mr. Faulkner knows his South. At one extreme there is the small minority who believe in, work for and practice social justice—at the other, the small minority who actually perform the atrocities—the vicious inbred worthless poor-whites, boot-leggers and pool-room hangers-on. And swung between these two poles, the great mass of peo-

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## Readers Write

Dear Sir:

As a result of my experience in the classroom, I have found that there does exist, in our High Schools, a potential army, ripe for recruiting into your crusade for interracial justice.

Discussion in my four Senior History classes invariably reveals one great defect. Their principles are usually morally sound, but they lack facts to support generalizations.

To help overcome their defect I have decided to place your paper "The Catholic Interracialist" at their disposal. . . .

Brother M.  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Miss—

... One of the most difficult tasks in this matter is to get people to think. I tell them I don't care how you think, but **think**. But don't think that good Catholics won't THINK straight, once they begin to think. For long years down here in the South, few if any have been doing any thinking. Now with all this furor about the Dixiecrats, people are beginning to think, and I predict that when the hubbub has subsided very much more good than harm will have resulted. Unless we assume this attitude, the present scene would indeed be discouraging.

... For those few of us who are active in the social field, the work is never ending, but it has, as you well know, its own unique fascination: the fascination of knowing the incalculable good that can be done through social action for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in a world that is sick unto death. . . .

Rev. T.  
Louisiana

Dear Staff:

... I remember very vividly, during my all too short stay

at Friendship House in Marathon what the Baroness said so pointedly about the Eastern and Western way of looking at religion. "If you wanted to convert a Russian Orthodox believer to the Catholic faith, how would you go about it . . . what would you do first?" She questioned us while we ate lunch one day. I recall that a Benedictine father was there teaching Liturgy to the summer-school students of interracial techniques, and it was he who stuck his neck out. "Well, I suppose the first thing would be to clear up the question of Peter's primacy, and the succession of the popes. Once he believed in Pius XII as successor of St. Peter, he would have to come over."

"A likely answer," said the B, "but I think you're wrong, Father."

"To recognize the Pope would be a comparatively easy thing for the Orthodox Christian to do. But do you know what really keeps the Eastern mind away from the true Church? It's our mental reservations, the segregation of colors in our churches, and our system of moral theology that is always looking for the line between mortal and venial sin. You must try to understand the mentality of the Easterner: he isn't so much scandalized at human weakness; he doesn't, for example, lose his religion if the parish priest runs off with one of the pretty girls in the parish, but we would be more horrified at this than we are when Negroes are made to sit in a marked-off section of the church, or not allowed to go to a Catholic school—these practices make the Catholic Church an intolerable burden for the Eastern mind to carry around!" . . .

B. M.  
Ohio



## Wisconsin Reporter

By Laverne Lissy

"Because you live in the northern part of a northern state do not deceive yourself that the problem of civil rights violations does not exist. In your own city American citizens have been denied the privilege of eating in public-dining places. American citizens have been denied access to hotels." The speaker was Mrs. Theodore Coggs, a member of the Wisconsin Governor's Commission on Human Rights. The attractive young Negro matron from Milwaukee spoke with conviction and fervor born not of an accumulation of text-book data, but of intense personal experience. Rapidly, she sketched in a few details of life in Washington, DC, as she found it while working for the Federal government . . . the restaurants, the cocktail bars, even the soda fountains in the corner drug-stores closed to negroes, the cabs whizzing past when hailed. It wasn't a rosy picture, and hardly a credit to a 'democratic' way of life. She stressed heavily the fact that the 'gestures' of good will represented by the formation of mayor's and governor's commissions to combat the evil of race hatred and discrimination would have to be supplemented by the weaving of democratic principles into the fabric of every-day living . . . into our family lives, into our schools. A familiar theme, isn't it, especially if the word 'democratic'

were replaced by the word 'Christian'?

Why was the crusading Mrs. Coggs speaking to a group of women way up here in Wausau? It is not a very long story, and it is one that is good to tell . . . a sort of 'big oaks from little acorns grow' tale.

The social studies committee of the Wausau branch of the American Association of University Women undertook the study of civil rights for the year, sparked by a zealous chairman, Mrs. Martin Baum, and by Mrs. Carl Neess. Back in October, the information came to these women that a group of Negro singers were refused accommodation in one of the town's hotels. They studied the facts in the case, publicized them, seeing that in principle the hotel's action was a violation of the Wisconsin Equal Rights Law. The ensuing publicity had good effect; two Negro secretaries attending a YWCA conference and a Negro concert artist who came into town after the incident had no difficulty in securing hotel accommodations. But the committee wasn't finished with its work. It asked Mrs. Coggs to speak to the whole organization, under the joint sponsorship of the Y, and threw its meeting open to the general public. Many of the women who heard that very personable young woman discuss "Democracy,"

(Continued on page 6)

## Friendship House St. Joseph's Farm Marathon City, Wisconsin

St. Andrew, Apostle  
1948

Another year at the farm has passed. As we look back over it, our hearts leap to God in joyous gratitude.

For the first time this summer we were able to bring a group of colored children from the south side of Chicago, from streets littered with spittle and broken glass, to the sunny fields where God is close. Jean took some of the little girls on a wild-flower collecting expedition. The kids ran about, delighted and laughing, picking daisies and flowering mint. One youngster detached herself from the group, pointed to some day-lilies and asked excitedly, "Miss Jean, may I pick just one of those, please?" "Of course," came the answer. "That's why God put them there, to enjoy." Immediately the child dropped her bouquet, folded her hands, and lifting her head to the sky, called out, "O, thank you, God!"

More students than ever before came to St. Joseph's Farm this summer from all sections of the United States and even from the Bahamas to take part in our School for Interracial Living. Colored and white people, having found each other in Christ at the Communion table, shared the day's activities, working side by side in the garden, baking bread, washing dishes. They met over round-tables; listened to the same lectures; recited Prime and Compline together; sang around the campfire. In short, they learned "how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." When they left for their communities, it was with fresh insight into the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ—for they had lived it. And this is Catholic action. . . .

Now that winter is upon us, we have entered a different phase of activity. Books such as *France Alive* or *Priest Workman in Germany* are loaned out through our circulating library. Our small staff goes out on lectures throughout the state. Letters by the dozens are sent out to many parts of the country. All these means are used again and again in the struggle to re-establish the Kingdom of Christ on earth, when all men will live together in harmony, the family of God.

We are WHOLLY dependent upon the charity of our brothers in Christ for EVERYTHING . . . FOOD . . . POSTAGE STAMPS . . . CLOTHING . . . BEDDING . . . WOOD . . . COAL . . . ELECTRICITY . . . GASOLINE FOR CHRISTOPHER . . . EVERYTHING. MOST OF ALL WE ARE IN NEED OF MONEY. At present our bank balance is \$9.88. Our outstanding bills amount to \$108.66, and the winter is only beginning. Our ONLY source of income is your charity.

With empty hands we turn to you to give whatever you can. May God love and keep you always.

Sincerely in Christ,

Lorraine Schneider and Staff

## Harlem Reporter

By Mabel C. Knight

Three priests arrived from Philadelphia to visit Friendship House as a result of one having a young man come for instructions in the Faith because he was struck by Tom Merton's combination of Cab Calloway and Catholic spirituality in "Seven Storey Mountain." We are very grateful to Harcourt Brace and all the people who helped get us permission to reprint the part of the book which mentions the Baroness and Friendship House. It will be in our paper and also in pamphlet form. It is probably the most beautiful thing ever written about Friendship House, though not a complete exposition of it.

Tom Merton mentions St. Walburga's Convent of the Holy Child. They still make us welcome at our days of recollection there. The Third Sunday of Advent, Gaudete Sunday, Father Thibodeau of the Blessed Sacrament Fathers, gave forty-six of us a most inspiring day. He showed us the wonders of helping to bring even one soul to God, starting with our own, and the dangers of dealing carelessly or unwisely with souls. Two blind women were brought by staffworkers to the conferences. A dialog mass, Prime, 3 conferences, Compline and Benediction made up the day. For one young man, it was his first retreat in the Catholic Church. He had made an interdenominational one at a camp for conscientious objectors during the war.

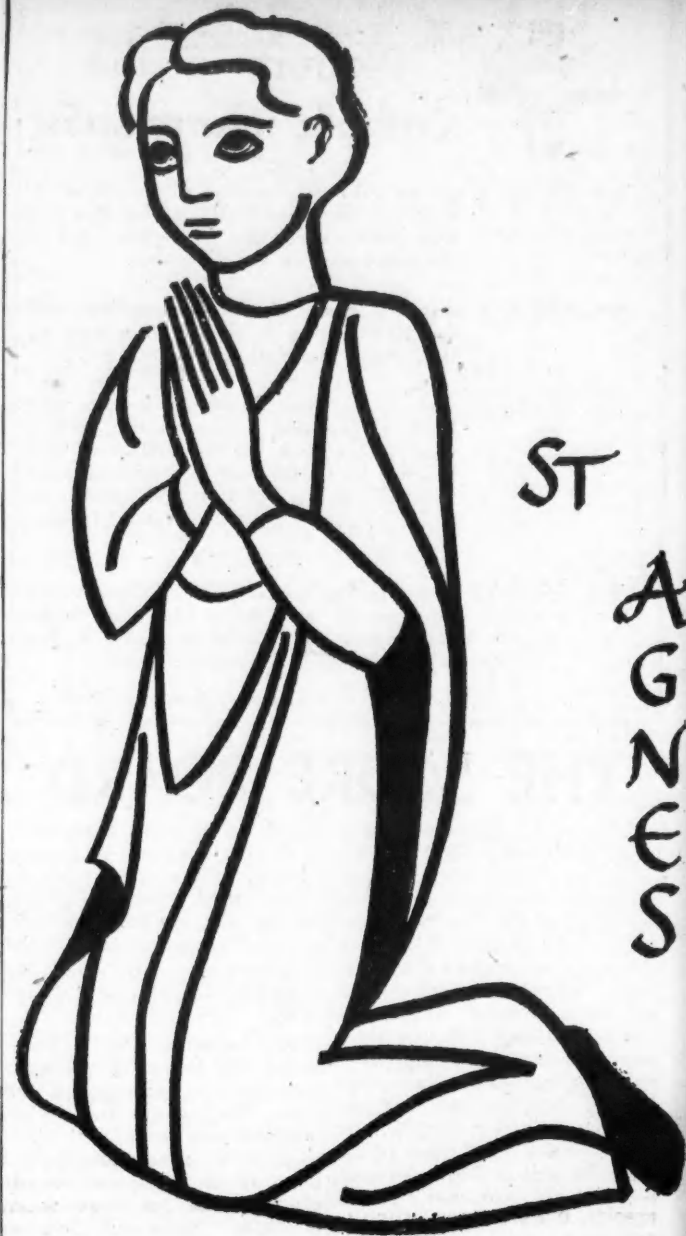
A young man from New York University has been doing field work visiting people to whom we have given food orders. He says he'll have to give up the job as he can't afford it. Every week he sees such sad conditions he empties his pockets. The New York Times says there are no really desperate needs now as the Welfare Department takes care of them. I wish they'd take on this young man's job. One man lives in a basement and helps the super of a building who gives him \$2.50 a week for cleaning. Harlem supers are so poorly paid that they're not considered worth organizing, so you can imagine the condition of their helpers. Yet these supers do a better job of sheltering the poor than the rich city of New York. We hear the Welfare Department is tightening up on Harlem. May God take away from us these hearts of stone and give us hearts of flesh for His poor!

## Mother's Club News

'Twas the week before Christmas—and the library was again the scene of a gay get-together given by the Mother's Club for Staff and volunteers. Nothing was missing to make it a perfect evening of fun. The members worked hard for days before, especially Mrs. Simon, Mrs. Falby, Mrs. Boone, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Wright.

During December, Mrs. Callender invited members of the Staff to her new apartment for a "warming up." We congratulate Mrs. Callender and her family on their new quarters, which are fast becoming a cozy home. It is in

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*The souls of the just are in the hands of God, and the torment of death shall not touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die: but they are in peace.*

## Chicago Reporter

By Rosemary Boyle

The Chicago clothing room regrets that it is unable to thank the donor of one of its nicest gifts—a beautifully embroidered set of white wool baby clothes, packed in cedar chips. Unfortunately it reached us with no donor's name attached. If the donor is reading this, we would like you to know that we gave them to a woman who had delayed baptizing her child because she felt he had nothing suitable to wear.

House-cleaning time hits even the best of houses. It descended upon Friendship House a couple of weeks before the December 5th Open House and lasted—gaining momentum daily—right up to the very eve of the great day. Even the darkest corners of the darkest closets were exposed to light and air and dust mops and scrub brushes. We all made terrific attempts to be ruthless in discarding the nondescript odds and ends that somebody-or-other had stuck away to be used sometime-or-other, but by the time the waste paper barrels contents were lovingly sifted through several sets of staff worker fingers, the shelves were filled up again almost to their accustomed level.

But the corners were clean. And the barrels in the clothing room were all brightened up with the carnival colored

paints Margaret put on them. And Teevy's kitchen literally sparkled with the gleam of newly applied enamel—almost the color of new grass, but reminding Marie and Geni of an upside-down swimming pool.

In spite of the Chicago wind, which decided to be especially Chicago-ish on our celebration day, Monsignor Reynold Hillenbrand gave the principal address to a crowd which overflowed from the gym into the kitchen and up the steps and into the library. After it was all over we were left with the same happily weary feeling one has at home after an evening with specially loved company. We thank all of you for coming to see us.

We took part in some of the meetings on Intergroup Relations at Chicago University's International House. It was heartening to work with other people who are deeply interested in interracial justice. In the same way we were happy to participate in the City Council discussion of a proposed law against discrimination in all public housing. All those things are good and it is certainly our duty to participate in them. As Father Cantwell reminded us, there are both temporal and spiritual works of mercy, and fighting for better housing and decent wages is certainly a way of

(Continued on page 7)



## Black and White in Business

By Harold W. Flitcraft

America's largest educational book house, operated by the inter-related Follett companies in Chicago, is a veritable colossus of Rhodes scholars! This institution has applied black to white, not only as printing ink to book paper but also as one racial group to another, with the result of more "gray matter" from such a mixture. Twenty years in publishing and six months as personnel director for the Follett enterprises have demonstrated to this writer the successful application of black characters upon a predominantly white field in both instances.

Negroes are employed in the business, here described, far beyond their percentage of the national population. This is because they seek work in a geographic area of proven friendliness to them and because their employers open the doors a little wider in counterbalance for the times when white doors are shut, or nearly closed against black faces. A minority people whose ratio to the total population is roughly one in ten are represented among 300 employees by one in three on the payroll of these wholesalers and retailers in textbooks and library volumes.

What positions are open to colored people at this place of business? Almost any job, according to merit, is theirs. So often these people, regardless of ability, are put to work by other employers at only the menial level; there the opportunity is given all applicants to apply their top skills. Stenographers and typists are hired as such, not as scrubwomen or factory workers. An editorial assistant, if he is just that, works editorially; there are no spurious S. R. O. (shipping room only) signs flashed before him!

Negroes and white alike have a wide choice of work spaces at their disposal. They may, and do, work side by side in most of the company's departments: shipping, receiving, billing, stock, mailing, binding, editorial, advertising, credit, maintenance, supply, and order filling. The races are notably intermingled at the professional level. The art director is a colored man with three white male assistants. The Caucasian editor-in-chief has two skilled Negro helpers, a cartographer of feminine loveliness and an editorial apprentice of gentlemanly charm, besides several white aides equally gifted.

Exports of this educational book house are largely to countries whose official languages are Spanish, French, Italian or English. Several employees in the foreign department, therefore, are Latin Americans. A jovial Mexican woman superintends her brown-skinned coterie of six typist-translators with good judgment and robust humor. Orientals, too, occasionally add still another color to the many-hued faces and races gathered together here in singleness of business purpose. The inter-racial mixture is flavored further with North Americans of Jewish, Russian, Polish, Italian, Irish, and Germanic extraction.

### Group Behavior

How do these diverse elements behave toward each other? Rather well, considering the pattern of behavior set by their fumbling forbears in the Continental Congress, now improved upon in the United Nations. They are learning to understand and appreciate people of different backgrounds, culture, and pigmentation. Their work brings them in close associations—they eat together on the premises or in unrestricted restaurants of the neighborhoods—soiled hands turn a natural white or black or brown un-

der clean water and soaping in common washrooms.

Interracial fellowships also extends beyond business hours. It is not uncommon to find a mixed group playing cards, on a shipping box or in an executive office, at noon or in the evening, as relaxation from the toils of the day. Christmas and other holidays are celebrated together by departmental units. The exchange of inter-office greeting cards cuts across color lines. A distraught Negro couple, both employed here, discover genuine interest and helpfulness in the company's president, whose legal counsel spares them unfair eviction from their apartment on Chicago's South Side.

### Shortcomings

Of course all is not on the credit side of the ledger when white and black are combined in bookkeeping and book selling. Occasionally, ugly debits appear in the social accounting. Education in racial attitudes of some employees runs too far behind the social consciousness of management. There is the usual difficulty with sweeping generalities over a whole race of people. Negroes and Mexicans, so the argument goes, are all lazy, shiftless, dirty, diseased and ignorant. Whites, by the same token, are all officious, grasping, and crafty exploiters.

It is the personnel director's job to interpret one group to the other so that these notions are dispelled. Employment of only the very best people is important if blacks, browns, and whites are to get along together. There is no excuse for encouraging those persons, whose minds are already slanted in such a direction, to judge an entire race by the least desirable representative they ever met. Progress in better understanding among peoples of different colors is here reported under this personal pledge posted on the bulletin board.

"I will spread no rumor and no slander against any sect. I will never try to indict a whole people by reason of the delinquency of any member. I will daily deal with every man in business, in social, and in political relations, only on the basis of his true individual worth. In my daily conduct I will consecrate myself, hour by hour, to the achievement of the highest ideal of the dignity of mankind, human equality, human fellowship, and human brotherhood."

—Reprinted from *Friends Intelligencer*, March 8, 1947.

## HARLEM CRUCIBLE

"For I tell you that God is able of these stones to raise up children to Abraham"

Tom Merton, American Poet who became a Trappist Monk at the age of 26 after living a full and worldly life, devotes a chapter in his autobiography, "The Seven Storey Mountain" to his meeting with the Baroness Catherine de Hueck, Founder of Friendship House, and his experiences in Harlem. We reprint below the first of a series of two episodes which will appear in *The Catholic Interracialist*.

Before entering the Trappists, Frater M. Louis, as he is called in the order, was an English Instructor at St. Bonaventure's College in Olean, New York. It was here that the Baroness was invited to speak. Mr. Merton tells us the story . . .

Going up the steps to the second floor of the Hall, where the theater was, I could hear someone speaking with great vehemence. However, it was not a man's voice.

When I stepped into the room there was a woman standing on the stage. Now a woman, standing all alone on a stage, in front of a big lighted hall, without any decorations or costume or special lighting effects, just in the glare of the hall-lights, is at a disadvantage. It is not very likely that she will make much of an impression. And this particular woman was dressed in clothes that were nondescript and plain, even poor. She had no artful way of walking around, either. She had no fancy tricks, nothing for the gallery. And yet as soon as I came in the door, the impression she was making on that room full of nuns and clerics and priests and various lay-people pervaded the place with such power that it nearly knocked me backwards down the stairs which I had just ascended.

She had a strong voice and strong convictions and strong things to say, and she was saying them in the simplest, most unvarnished, bluntest possible kind of talk, and with such uncompromising directness that it stunned. You could feel right away that most of her audience was hanging on her words, and that some of them were frightened, and that one or two were angry, but that everybody was intent on the things she had to say.

I realized it was the Baroness.

I had heard something about her, and her work in Harlem, because she was well known and admired in Corpus Christi parish, where I had been baptized. Father Ford was always sending her things they needed, down there on 135th Street and Lenox Avenue.

What she was saying boiled down to this:

Catholics are worried about Communism; and they have a right to be, because the Communist revolution aims, among other things, at wiping out the Church. But few Catholics stop to think that Communism would make very little progress in the world, or none at all, if Catholics really lived up to their obligations, and really did the things Christ came on earth to teach them to do: that is, if they really loved one another, and saw Christ in one another, and lived as saints, and did something to win justice for the poor.

For, she said, if Catholics were able to see Harlem, as they ought to see it, with the eyes of faith, they would not be able to stay away from such a place. Hundreds of priests and lay-people would give up everything to go there and try to do something to relieve the tremendous misery, the poverty, sickness, degradation and dereliction of a race that was being crushed and perverted, morally and physically, under the burden of a colossal economic injustice. Instead of seeing Christ suffering in His members, and instead of going to help Him, Who said: "Whoever you did to the least of these my brethren, you did it to Me," we preferred our own comfort: we averted our eyes from such a spectacle, because it made us feel uneasy; the thought of so much dirt nauseated us—and we never stopped to think that we, perhaps, might be partly responsible for it. And so people continued to die of starvation and disease in those evil tenements full of vice and cruelty, while those who did condescend to consider their problems, held banquets in the big hotels downtown to discuss the "Race situation" in a big rosy cloud of hot air.

If Catholics, she said, were able to see Harlem as they should see it, with the eyes of faith, as a challenge to their love of Christ,

as a test of their Christianity, the Communists would be able to do nothing there.

But, on the contrary, in Harlem the Communists were strong. They were bound to be strong. They were doing some of the things, performing some of the works of mercy that Christians should be expected to do. If some Negro workers lose their jobs and are in danger of starving, the Communists are there to divide their own food with them, and to take up the defence of their case.

If some Negro is dying, and is refused admission to a hospital, the Communists show up, and get someone to take care of him, and furthermore see to it that the injustice is publicized all over the city. If a Negro family is evicted, because they can't pay the rent, the Communists are there, and find shelter for them, even if they have to divide their own bedding with them. And every time they do these things, more and more people begin to say: "See, the Communists really love the poor! They are really trying to do something for us! What they say must be right: there is no one else who cares anything about our interests: there is nothing better for us to do than to get in with them, and work with them for this revolution they are talking about . . ."

Do the Catholics have a labor policy? Have the Popes said anything about these problems in their Encyclicals? The Communists know more about those Encyclicals than the average Catholic. *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno* are discussed and analyzed in their public meetings, and the Reds end up by appealing to their audience:

"Now we ask you, do the Catholics practice these things? Have you ever seen any Catholics down here trying to do anything for you? When this firm and that firm locked out so many hundreds of Negro workers, whose side did the Catholic papers take? Don't you know that the Catholic Church is just a front for Capitalism, and that all their talk about the poor is hypocrisy? What do they care about the poor? What have they ever done to help you? Even their priests in Harlem go outside and hire white men when they want somebody to repaint their churches! Don't you know that the Catholics are laughing at you, behind the back of their hands, while they pocket the rent for the lousy tenements you have to live in? . . ."

The Baroness was born a Russian. She had been a young girl at the time of the October Revolution. She had seen half her family shot, she had seen priests fall under the bullets of the Reds, and she had had to escape from Russia the way it is done in the movies, but with all the misery and hardship which the movies do not show, and none of the glamour which is their specialty.

She had ended up in New York, without a cent, working in a laundry. She had been brought up a Roman Catholic, and the experiences she had gone through, instead of destroying her faith, intensified and deepened it until the Holy Ghost planted fortitude in the midst of her soul like an unshakable rock. I never saw anyone so calm, so certain, so peaceful in her absolute confidence in God.

Catherine de Hueck is a person in every way big; and the bigness is not merely physical: it comes from the Holy Ghost dwelling constantly within her, and moving her in all that she does.

When she was working in that laundry, down somewhere near Fourteenth Street, and sitting on the curbstone eating her lunch with the other girls who worked there, the sense of her own particular vocation dawned upon her. It was the call to an apostolate, not new, but so old that it is as traditional as that of the first Christians: an apostolate of a laywoman in the world, among workers, herself a worker, and poor: an apostolate of personal contacts, of word and above all of example. There was to be nothing special about it, nothing that savored of a religious Order, no special rule, no distinctive habit. She, and those who joined her, would simply be poor—there was no choice on that score, for they were that already—but they would embrace their poverty, and the life of the proletariat in all its misery and insecurity and dead, drab monotony. They would live and work in the slums, lose themselves, in the huge anonymous mass of the forgotten and the derelict, for the only purpose of living the

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## The Black Metropolis

(Continued from page 1)

of the whole city of New York, twice as many accidents occur and, in 1940, the death rate was seven times higher than that of whites.

The casual observer of Harlem assumes that it consists of a mass of black people with identical backgrounds, education and interests, all living on the same plane. Nothing could be further from the truth. The extraordinary fact is that there is more diversity among Negroes than among any other group of people. This is understandable since the bond of pigment is a weak and unnatural one, unlike the unity created by common political or religious interests. It is just as ridiculous to expect all Negroes to be alike as it is to expect all blue-eyed people to be the same.

It requires little effort to recognize variations within the European and Asiatic nations and to label them properly on the basis of nationality rather than race. We accept a yellow-skinned Russian as a Russian; we consider the yellow skinned Chinese as Chinese, just as a white skinned Englishman is merely an Englishman and a white skinned Italian an Italian. Similarly, a black skinned American is considered universally to be an American, except by his white countrymen. To most white citizens of the United States, all dark skinned peoples are Negroes, whether they spring from Egypt, Liberia, France, Ethiopia or from Africa. The word "negro" which in Spanish means "black" is pitifully inaccurate and inadequate. Americans, if they wished to be consistent, would use the Spanish equivalent "blancos" when referring to white Europeans and "amarillos," the Spanish equivalent for yellow, when speaking of the peoples of the Asiatic nations. The ridiculousness of this is only too apparent. The demented attitude of the skin-worshippers of America becomes even more fantastic when we realize that colored races throughout the world outnumber the white race about 8 to 1.

By decree of the white American, people of varied achievement, color and origin, the illiterate and the cultured, are herded together pell-mell into the crippled area of Harlem, imprisoned by the color lines a free country has erected. Germany had its gas chambers and its Concentration Camps while America more delicately contrived Harlem.

The elite of Harlem comprise a small minority. Understandably, there are few

American Negroes who have been able to so minimize the effects of prejudice, since, in order to reach a comparable standard of living, the Negro must be twice as good as a white person in similar circumstances. The professional and white collar workers banded together in a residential district called Sugar Hill strive mightily to maintain some semblance of respectability. Their average income is between three and seven thousand dollars and their children attend college either in the North, or possibly, abroad. They usually own automobiles and servants are not rare. Their homes are orderly and tastefully furnished. Smartly uniformed doormen stand beneath the colorful canopies of their granite apartment buildings. It is difficult to distinguish between this and any fashionable white section, except for the shade of the resident's skin.

Well-meaning individuals, when confronted by a prejudiced person, sometimes point with pride to the accomplishments of outstanding Negroes—Carver, Dr. Ralph Bunche, Booker T. Washington, etc., and consider that the question of inferior minority groups is thereby resolved. But this is not the issue. Essentially, Dr. Carver is as remote from the average Negro as Dr. Einstein is from the average white person. Negroes are not so much interested in the right to have a Marian Anderson born among them as they are in the right to have a thief exist in their midst without incurring the condemnation of their entire group. The white race is not castigated because Al Capone was white and neither should the Negro group be condemned because criminals exist within it. This is the crux of the problem, the diabolical blind spot of the white mentality: The identification of an entire group with the undesirable persons which it contains.

In our Twentieth Century world, America has created enduring testimonies to the genius of her people. In science, in literature and art, her culture is expressed throughout the world. The two square miles of Harlem present the abject appearance of a neglected forgotten portion of this vast rich country. Yet it too stands as a testimony to the world—and to God. Harlem is not neglected, nor is it forgotten. It was conceived in the cruel heart of America and deliberately created with pale hands of hate and greed. Watchers brood eternally over its dirty streets so that none may escape. There is no one who is free from the stain of the sin which created it. . . .

## MOTHERS' CLUB NEWS

(Continued from page 4)

the new Lincoln project and not too far from Friendship House.

At a recent meeting we read over Thomas Merton's chapter on Harlem. We liked his idea that it is not too unthinkable to think of Our Lady appearing in Harlem. He saw that personal sanctity was the real answer to all

problems and saw the people around Friendship House as those who had "seen this vision." We were sorry that none of us had been personally acquainted with Merton.

By the time you read this, the holiday season will be well over, but to one and all, we wish a sincere Holy New Year!

Henrietta Hronek

## On Capitalism And Communism

(Continued from page 1)

the essentially Christian principles of individual freedom and the right of the individual to own property. However, too often individual freedom has been exercised to the deliberate detriment of the freedom of other individuals and the right to own property and its increment has too often superseded the human rights of labor. Under capitalism labor is subject to bargaining; it is regarded as in the same supply and demand category as raw materials, as an expense of doing business. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," said Jesus, but the modern manufacturer retorts: "The laborer is worthy of the least he will accept."

The salvation of capitalism lies, in part, in baptism.

Communism has made its appeal on the basis of material human rights, on the omnipotence and omniscience of the state. It has not overlooked the deep demand in human

### HOW ODD OF GOD TO CHOOSE THE JEWS

Not half so odd  
As those who choose  
A Jewish God  
Yet spurn the Jews.

Anonymous.

nature for self sacrifice and it has perverted to its own ends the essence of a love that can be transcendent. Its planned economy involves the physical liquidation of the inefficient worker, the spiritual death of all men. It eliminates all human rights as rights, it demands submergence of the individual in the god-state, it propagates the fiction of a dictatorship of the proletariat and actually rules by a tyrannous oligarchy. It answers the simple words of Christ on the laborer by a jargon similar to this: "The worker should be grateful for whatever the state may find it necessary to give him to continue his efficiency as a worker; he must regard his position as a privilege freely granted by the state; a privilege denied his brother in chains, the capitalist slave, by the corrupt, reactionary plutocratic-demagogic, pseudo-democratic fascist beasts of Wall Street."

In short, the tragedy of communism lies in its intrinsic inability to accept baptism.

At the base of capitalism and communism are the quicksands of materialism—both have rejected the spiritual stone of the Builder; at the base of moral insanity lies a too complete acceptance of a single aspect of reality and the complete rejection of all reality; at the base of the possible destruction of our world in another war lies the heresy of the self sufficient man and the insufficient God.

By George A. McCauliff

## OUR BOOKSHELF

(Continued from page 3)

ple, indifferent, thoughtless, capable of being swayed, but fundamentally decent. The South is slowly working out its own salvation. Steps are being made in the direction of better schooling, housing and hospitalization for Negroes. Complete justice will be achieved, but not by next Tuesday. It is Mr. Faulkner's opinion, which is deserving at very least of careful consideration, that if federal legislation intervenes, it will defeat its own purpose. The entire South will rise to defend its homogeneity, to preserve the freedom to right its own wrongs, and to repudiate the new carpet-baggers who, with their Harlems crying mutely at their backs, come down to accomplish in another territory what they have failed to do in their own.

For Northerner, Easterner, Westerner, this book should give valuable insight into the Southern character. It should be to the Southerner a reminder that there is much yet to be done.

I am sorry on both moral and artistic grounds for a small incident toward the end of the book. Mr. Faulkner has an unfinished character left over, so he simply has him commit suicide. It is just a little too neat and convenient a solution. And the collusion of the man who let him have the pistol seems to have, at least implicitly, the author's blessing. But perhaps I am misinterpreting Mr. Faulkner. I hope I am.

Virginia Earle

**BLACK PEASANTS**, by Robert Delavignette. Published in Paris, France. Colonial administrators and merchants have the custom of thinking of the men of the African fields primarily as native labor. This book by Robert Delavignette, formerly

a colonial administrator, explores the spiritual values and the originality of the man of the African "brousse."

In 1932, began a new attitude toward the African laborer founded on the respect and development of family culture. Mr. Delavignette believes that the black peasant is the basic personality of a new African world. He describes how farmers were able to combine communitarian methods of work with the notion of private property and sees in this something of great importance, not only because it respects the ancient customs of Africa, but also because it announces new hope for the workers of the whole world.

So-called primitive men who cultivated peanut crops on their family lands, were able, for the first time, to cooperate with a modern factory which processed them according to European methods. The twelve chapters of the book recall to us the twelve stages from April to March in the battle for the peanut harvest. The victory was obtained at the price of great effort on the part of the peasants, the colonial administrators and the factory officials. Out of it came not only a better crop, but a closer understanding between the whites and blacks in the community. It proved that it is not necessary to transport the African from his normal life in a small community into the unnatural working conditions of large plantations. In short, the African peasant can take his place in the economic life of his country without becoming a proletariat.

We see that whites and blacks, Europeans and Africans, industrial workers and peasants, can find peace in working harmoniously together toward the same ideal—the well being of their country.

Leon King

## WISCONSIN REPORTER

(Continued from page 4)

Persistent Challenge of our Day," had never before had an opportunity to meet a colored woman.

At present the committee is engaged in a new project and we are working very hard in the hope that it will be brought to a successful culmination. The Mayor's Commission in Milwaukee published a very excellent pamphlet called "Keep Milwaukee's Conscience Clear." The pamphlet explains in lucid, simple fashion the meaning of Wisconsin's Equal Rights Law, and the obligation that it lays upon the ordinary citizen. The committee is striving to obtain the cooperation and backing of the various civic and church groups, Catholic, Protestant and Jewish, in reprinting the pamphlet and securing its distribution through the school system in the city.

I'm very glad to report that some of our library books are at present quite some distance from our library shelves. **France Alive**, for example, is now in Milwaukee . . . a result of the circulating-by-mail system that went into effect. Another thing, at least one child took to heart my "dis-

paraging" reference to readers who preferred Nancy Drew mysteries to "Dear Bishop." Blue-eyed Joanie, aged all of three, started out of the door with the book of her choice under her arm . . . Abbe Dimnet's "The Art of Thinking." Little genius!

In the community of Marathon where the people are largely of German origin, the feast of St. Nicholas is enthusiastically celebrated every sixth of December. We ourselves, however, were not expecting the visit from St. Nick in the person of three young ladies from town who arrived that wintry evening with gifts of fruit, candy and cookies. How much we appreciated that warm and friendly act! And we are most grateful, too, to all our friends who played Santa Claus via Uncle Sam's mail, sending boxes of delicious stuff—and to all those good people who came to our aid in response to our begging letter when our pocketbook was so flat that the ribs on its left side would click against the ribs on its right—if it had ribs.

May the coming year be a happy and richly blessed one for you all.



## PROLETARIAT

(Continued from page 1)  
class barriers are almost nonexistent, the possibilities of social advancement open to the proletariat are still limited. The fact, for example, that the daughter of a proletariat succeeds in getting a job in an office does not necessarily mean that she has risen out of the class of her father. Nowadays office work is so mechanized that much of the routine work requires very little intelligence and demands only the physical presence at a machine.

Negroes in America belong for the most part to this proletariat group. "They are the unskilled or semi-skilled laborers and domestic workers of the cities in the South and the North, and the agricultural wage laborers, tenants and household servants in Southern rural districts. During the 'thirties, a large portion of this group were permanently or temporarily on relief. Incomes are low and uncertain; levels of living do not include most of what is considered cultural necessities according to the 'American standard'." (Gunnar Myrdal: "An American Dilemma")

Now it would be a grave error to judge Negroes or any other group by the fact that a great number of them find themselves in this condition. First of all we must inquire into the causes for the large number of Negroes in this class. Then if we add to all the handicaps to advancement endemic to the proletarian class, the almost overwhelming obstacle of race prejudice and discrimination, we cannot escape a sincere admiration for the almost superhuman striving for advancement which has brought the Negro such remarkable achievement in so little time.

## The Social Mind

(Continued from page 1)  
doctrine makes no difference." We haven't a social mind when we can descend to the moral nihilism which creates a concentration camp. We haven't a social mind when right in the sacrifice of the Mass, we have forgotten the whole communal spirit of a parish worshipping, becoming either spectators or rugged individualists in our praying.

Here and there, we find hopeful indications in the growth of a social consciousness. The rejection of Churchill by the common people in England because he stood for things not in conformity with the ideals for which they had fought, Monsignor noted, shows a developing social mind. The same was apparent in our own recent election. And in the lay apostolates, the return to the liturgy, to communal worship, the realization of our oneness in Christ and its fulfillment in all the fields of social life, we can see hopes for the future.

In setting our hands to the task ahead, Monsignor urged that the work of Friendship House in the creation of a social mind be recognized and continued. "Friendship House, with the other lay apostolates has stood for a new movement in the Church, standing for a new Christian. The Church is changeless, but we must change the Christians so they will have a social mind."

## A Song of the Poor

By FRANK MILLER

This is a song of the Poor.  
This is a song of their silence.  
This is a song of their patient sitting and waiting.  
Waiting  
not for the gentle gesture,  
not for the smooth soft toga of pity  
nor the casual crumb from the table of charity.  
No, not for these are they waiting.

This is a song of the Poor.  
This is a song of their patience.  
This is a song of their silent standing and listening.  
Listening  
not for the cloying word  
not for the sweet enervation of sympathy  
nor the mild counsel of acceptance.  
It is not for these that they listen.

Yea, rather  
they wait and they listen,  
for the sharp noise of the Sword of Justice  
being shaken free  
of its restraining scabbard.  
For the approaching sound of mighty Sandals  
being set upon paths of righteousness.  
It is for these things that they listen and wait.

They wait  
for the thunder of the Lord God's Voice  
to enter the hearts  
of their fellow men—  
and consume them.

## Voices in the Wilderness

(Continued from page 1)  
life? The foundation upon which all else rests is frequent or daily mass and Communion, something that cannot be forced but has to be undertaken by each individual when he feels that this is the only means by which he can arrive at sufficient strength to give the rest of his day meaning. Specifically, the volunteers, at their weekly meeting, pray together and then discuss a text from the Gospels and draw from it an application to apply to their own lives. This application is not something impractical and ephemeral, but, rather, a concrete act of devotion or a specific act of charity and humility that is to be carried out over a period of time. The program is designed to take in the whole of man, because it aims to develop both a Catholic intellect as well as a Catholic will.

On the material side of the ledger, each volunteer spends a specific period of time each week on practical work in the house. The work is not glamorous, nor is it particularly exciting. To spend your day pounding a typewriter and then to come to Harlem and spend half the night doing the same thing, quickly dampens the spirits of those who are just seeking novelty—and if one does not type or file for God the novelty soon passes. The same is true of the arduous work of unpacking and sorting clothes in the Clothing Center and the children's activities in the Clubroom. One could also group on the material side of the ledger the social aspects of the work in its more practical details. Each volunteer is thoroughly indoctrinated with the best methods of convincing people of the necessity for interracial justice and the sinfulness of prejudice. The majority of this work is done at the volunteer meetings each week when some important aspect

of the interracial problem is brought up for discussion and the techniques for combatting each evil in a given set of circumstances is discussed.

The volunteer stands at the crossroads between the staff and the general public. It is his role to bring the attitudes of those with whom he rubs shoulders at work and in his home environment to the attention of the staff, and to bring the oil of Christian charity to pour on the troubled waters of man's relations with his fellow man regardless of his race, nationality or creed.

## Christmas Dinner

By Jerry Peattie

Friendship House was able on Christmas Day to provide Holiday dinners for one hundred of the many homeless and unemployed men of Harlem. The kind contributions of our friends and the generous devotion of our neighbors on 135th Street made this possible.

Mrs. Hattie Wilder, 42 West 135th Street, was in charge of the entire dinner, giving up most of her day to the many tasks such an affair demands. Hattie is one of the most active members of the Friendship House volunteers. She spends long and arduous hours unpacking, sorting and distributing clothes and, although not a Catholic, takes a deep interest in all the activities of Friendship House. Her intense personal stock in interracial justice has helped some of us to understand more fully the terrible problem of prejudice.

Mrs. Sallie Skeete, 29 West 135th Street, after cooking far into the night for her own large family gathering, spent added hours cooking for Friendship House. "Mom" Skeete's home is always "open house" for Friendship House workers.

Harmonious interracial living can be a practical reality!

## Unity in Catholic Action

By Stanley Vishnewski

The other day I heard a good anecdote which I would like to share with you. I do not know if the story is true, but it does illustrate the danger of 'professionalism' among Catholic Lay Apostles.

It seems that at a certain Catholic Action Rally all the delegates were asked to give their names and tell what groups they represented. Well, delegate after delegate got up and gave a brief summary of the work their respective groups were doing.

"I am from Friendship House," one girl said. "I represent Integrity," another delegate replied. "I am from the Young Christian Workers. I am from Monica House. I represent the Grail. I am from the Men for Christ the King. I am from Cisca. I am from the Christophers."

And so it went down the list as delegates from The Legion of Mary, Campaigners for Christ, the various Third Orders got up and gave testimony of the work that their groups were doing for the cause of Christ.

Finally they got down to one little girl who was sitting rather quietly and the chairmen asked her to give an account of the work her group was doing.

The girl got up visibly embarrassed. "Gee, I guess I don't belong here; I am only a Catholic."

It is easy for those of us who are actively engaged in a particular work of the Apostolate to lose contact with the vision of the Church as a whole and

to consider our own special apostolate as the work of the Church itself. And if we are not too careful we are liable to identify the work we do as the supreme effort of Catholic Action and that therefore all other forms of the Apostolate are of no value.

All of us who are engaged in the Apostolate must put the work of the Church first. It is so easy to fall in love with ones work and with ones comrades in a particular work of Catholic Action that there is a great danger of forgetting that we are working for Christ.

## Chicago Reporter

(Continued from page 4)

sheltering the homeless and clothing the naked.

But it is sad to consider that the reason most of these people care at all about ridding the world of prejudice is that they want to rid the world of unhappiness. And, of course, that will not necessarily follow.

We know how possible it is to live in the midst of respectability and comfort and still be utterly miserable. It is because we are men and the nature of man is to worship. Our end is God and we are so made that no other thing satisfies the aching loneliness in our hearts. A spacious, sunny house with grass and tall trees and birds around it would satisfy for a time any of the mothers living in our miserably crowded neighborhood. But soon that loneliness would come back again because the house is only a tiny taste of the wonderfulness of our God. The house is not an end in itself but a means. Interracial justice is a means. They both clear the way. They free people from misery, giving them a chance to have the health of mind and body necessary to clean out the clutter and noise that has clogged up their souls. It is merely a way of making it possible for men to open themselves to the "glorious beauty of the Lord."

For one of our Monday night lectures Betty and Jean and Margaret gave short talks on public speaking, especially to help the staff but open to anyone else who wanted to listen. It eventually led to a discussion on how to answer people who are prejudiced. A small Negro woman got up and told us she was a convert of 10 years and how thankful she was to be a Catholic. She told us of her trip down South this summer. She was afraid to go into a Catholic church when Sunday came because she didn't think she could take the humiliation of being asked to leave or sit in the back of the church. So she went to a Protestant colored church.

And when she came back up North she told it to the priest in confession and he told her that Christ wants everybody to come in and worship, that all Catholic churches are open to all people.

"Now I want to know," she said in a very small voice, "is that true?"

*The poor and needy shall praise Thy name. Alleluia. They shall be inebriated with the plenty of Thy house; and Thou shalt make them drink of the torrent of Thy pleasure. Alleluia.*

Feast of St. John Bosco.



## Great Negroes

By Sister Mary Ellen O'Hanlon

Dr. W. E. Burghardt DuBois, one of the most distinguished Negro American scholars, is only one of the many who nullify the absurd theory that the Negro as such is mentally inferior.

Among the million of Southern whites who regarded him as something far beneath them, William Edward Burghardt DuBois, was in all likelihood by far the most thoroughly educated, the best scholar and the most talented writer in Atlanta, Georgia. At twenty-six, after experience at Harvard and abroad, DuBois returned to America with an education the like of which was enjoyed by few Americans, whether white or black. Nevertheless, it was in Atlanta that he spent the best years of his life—including the period 1897 to 1910 and later the period which began in 1933. In Atlanta University he accomplished much in the field of sociology. There he lived more or less as a recluse while he dedicated his life to a bitter conflict between his devotion to the Negro and his ambition for the achievements and the standards of living of the white man. Even a few lines from his pen will convince the reader of the beauty of his great soul, as well as his poetic genius. From a collection of his essays called "The Souls of Black Folk" we quote:

"Why did God make me an outcast and a stranger in mine own house? The shades of the prison-house close round about us all; walls strait and stubborn to the whitest, but relentlessly narrow, tall, and unscalable to sons of night who must plod darkly on in resignation, or beat unavailing palms against the stone, or steadily, half hopelessly, watch the streak of blue above.

"After the Egyptian and Indian, the Greek and Roman, the Teuton and Monoglian, the Negro is a sort of seventh son, born with a veil, and gifted with second-sight in this American world... It is a peculiar sensation, this double-consciousness, this sense of always looking at one's self through the eyes of others, of measuring one's soul by the tape of a world that looks on in amused contempt and pity. One ever feels his twoness—an American, a Negro; two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled strivings; two warring ideals in one dark body, whose dogged strength alone keeps it from being torn asunder.

"The history of the American Negro is the history of this strife—this longing to attain self-conscious manhood,



to merge his double self into a better and truer self. In this merging he wishes neither of the older selves to be lost. He would not Africanize America, for America

Lift up Thy hand over the strange nations, that they may know Thee.  
Ecclesiastes.

## "HARLEM CRUCIBLE"

(Continued from page 5)

complete, integral Christian life in that environment—loving those around them, sacrificing themselves for those around them, and spreading the Gospel and the truth of Christ most of all by being saints, by living in union with Him, by being full of His Holy Ghost, His charity.

As she spoke of these things, in that Hall, and to all these nuns and clerics, she could not help but move them all deeply, because what they were hearing—it was too patent to be missed—was nothing but the pure Franciscan ideal, the pure essence of the Franciscan apostolate of poverty, without the vows taken by the Friars Minor. And, for the honor of those who heard her, most of them had the sense and the courage to recognize this fact, and to see that she was, in a sense, a much better Franciscan than they were. She was, as a matter of fact, in the Third Order, and that made me feel quite proud of my own scapular, which was hiding under my shirt: it reminded me that the thing was not altogether without meaning or without possibilities!

So the Baroness had gone to Harlem. She stepped out of the subway with a typewriter and a few dollars and some clothes in a bag. When she went to one of the tenements, and asked to look at a room, the man said to her:

"Ma'am, you all don't want to live here!"

"Yes, I do," she said, and added, by way of explanation: "I'm Russian."

"Until you have seen Christ in the face of your colored neighbor, you never have seen Christ and you may never see Him."

Clare Booth Luce.

has too much to teach the world and Africa. He would not bleach his Negro soul in a flood of white Americanism, for he knows that Negro blood has a message for the world. He simply wishes to make it possible for a man to be both a Negro and an American, without being cursed and spit upon by his fellows, without having the doors of Opportunity closed roughly in his face."

During the first period DuBois spent at Atlanta, a son was born to him. There is included in "The Souls of Black Folk" a short essay which portrays his hatred for the American caste and his deep sorrow and bereavement at the loss of his child.

"Within the Veil was he born, said I; and there within shall he live—a Negro and a Negro's son. Holding in that little head—ah bitterly!—the unbowed pride of a hunted race, clinging with that tiny dimpled hand—ah, wearily!—to a hope not hopeless but unhelpful, and seeing with those bright wondering eyes that peer into my soul a land whose freedom is to us a mockery and whose liberty a lie. I saw the shadow of the veil as it passed over my baby, I saw the cold city towering above the blood-red land..."

"So sturdy and masterful he grew, so filled with bubbling life, so tremulous with the un-

spoken wisdom of a life but eighteen months distant from the All-life—we were not far from worshipping this revelation of the Divine, my wife and I..."

"He died at eventide, when the sun lay like a brooding sorrow above the western hills, veiling its face; when the winds spoke not, and the trees, the great green trees he loved, stood motionless. I saw his breath beat quicker and quicker, pause, and then his little soul leapt like a star that travels in the night and left a world of darkness in its train. The day changed not; the same tall trees peeped in at the window, the same green grass glinted in the setting sun..."

"We could not lay him in the ground there in Georgia, for the earth there is strangely red; so we bore him away to the northward, with his flowers and folded hands. The busy city dinned about us; they did not say much, those palefaced hurrying men and women; as we bore him to the station they did not say much—they only glanced and said, 'Niggers!'"

"All that day and all that night there sat an awful gladness in my heart—nay, blame me not if I see the world thus darkly through the Veil—and my soul whispers ever to me, saying, 'Not dead, but escaped; not bound, but free.'"

"Russian!" said the man. "That's different. Walk right in."

In other words, he thought she was a Communist. . . .

That was the way Friendship House had begun. Now they were occupying four or five stores in both sides of 135th Street, and maintained a library and recreation rooms and a clothing room. The Baroness had an apartment of her own, and those of her helpers who lived there all the time also had a place on 135th Street. There were more girls than men staying with her in Harlem.

When the meeting was over, and when the Baroness had answered all the usual objections like "What if some Negro wanted to marry your sister—or you, for that matter?" I went up and spoke to her, and the next day I ran into her on the path in front of the library, where I was going, with an arm full of books, to teach a class on Dante's "Divine Comedy." These two times were the only chance I had to speak to her, but I said:

"Would it be all right if I came to Friendship House and did a little work with you there after all this is over?"

"Sure," she said, "come on."

But seeing me with my arms full of all those books, maybe she didn't believe me.

(To be continued next month)

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### God's Earth

There is a thought that pictures through my mind, whenever the question of race is discussed. It is a picture of my early childhood when I played with my comrades, who were of all colors and nationalities. There was a game especially that we loved to play. We took a dial made of cardboard and on this painted the colors of the rainbow. On it we would paint Black, Red, White, Yellow, and all colors conceivable. Then, sticking a pin through the middle, we would give it a spin, and immediately the various colors on the dial merged into one.

And I love to think that as God looks down on the earth spinning through space, inhabited by its teeming millions of various creeds and colors, that the spinning earth merges all colors into one.

—Stanley Vishnewski

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